SLINKHAM'S COME-UPTION.

A Tale of the Demopublican Party.

(IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

BY FREDERIC BEECHER PERKINS.

Note.-COME-UPTION, n. Retribution; just punishment; poetical justice. (Some ways)

Mr. Uriah Slinkham, the well-known capitalist of Great Bay City, is a little man with quick motions, small eyes, scanty whitish eyebrows, thin lips, a perpetual mirthless smile, a foxy face, all alive with eagerness, a radiance of self-conceit so distinct that it is almost a halo, and a diffuse trushy head of dry-looking light brown

CHAPTER I.-UP.

bair that is quite a halo, for it stands up and out in every direction all over his head, as if he were troubled with chronic electrification.

Mr. Slinkham's two chief qualities are as well-known as he is. One is an intense greediness for money, and the other an equally intense greediness after office. Sometimes couples of qualities like these help each other, and sometimes they hinder; but every sound philosopher knows that such combinations of opposites are frequent.

Slinkham has been a supervisor (it is the same as alderman); he is past grand panjandrum of the Independent Order of Stalagmites; he is a vestryman of St. Nicholas's Church; and he once lived four years in perfect bliss from holding an appointment on the Governor's staff-which appointment, it is understood, he received in return for a heavy contribution to the "campaign fund" used in electing the said Governor.

But about his come-uption-the story conveys a healthful moral lesson to our two dangerous classes, viz.: politicians and capitalists; and so it shall be briefly told. It makes only two chapters.

On a certain pleasant evening in June, 188- Mr. Slinkham was taking his walks abroad. During this process he came to that little, quiet, narrow alley that dodges suddenly out of M-street, at No. 800 and odd, and runs through the block to McGillicuddy street. Mr. Slinkham turned short into this alley and walked up it in his quick, cat-footed way to a modest, dimlooking back door in the middle of a stretch of blank brick wall, upon which door was the single word Scratchovitch. Now, as everybody knows, Mr. Scratchovitch's famous Palace saloon has a great, staring, brass-mounted front on McGilheuddy street. But the more modest and retiring friends of Mr. Scratchovitch often avoid this showy entrance and glide through the shy alley door into some one of the little cabinets in the rear of the establishment, where they can, in a still and unobtrusive manner meet-whomsoever is there.

Upon the present occasion Mr. Slinkham, after entering and passing by one or two doors, opened one and entered the corresponding cabinet, or stall, or cubby-house. Here there sat a huge bloated man with a red face, a fat, thick neck, coarse features, and cunning, piggy eyes. By his side on the little table was a bottle and two glasses.

It was the Boss. Mr. Slinkham intended to be elected Mayor of Great Bay City at the election on the coming Nov. 4, and he knew very well that what he had to do was to let the voters carefully alone, to avoid stating his views, and to go in a simple, straightforward way to the Boss and buy the nomination from him for coin. It was in order to make this bargain that the present accidental meetinghad been carefully arranged beforehand.

"Hello, Bagley," said Mr. Slinkham, as he entered, and speaking very softly, almost in a whisper, and with an engaging smile as he shook hands with the debauched brute and unconvicted felon-"Hello, Baglev. how goes it?"

"Sh, sh!" was the reply; "no names." "Why," said Slinkham, always in a careful undertone, "we're as safe as a thief in a mill; besides, I couldn't have been heard across the stall."

"Safe as two thieves in a mill," said the Boss, with a grin-"exactly; we're two thieves, and this is a mill; it's Scratchovitch's gin-mill. But it's a good rule to speak low and name no names.

"All right," said Mr. Slinkham, taking a seat by the side of his companion, and not thinking it worth while to go into the question of social standing-"all right; and

"Boomin," said the Boss, "have suthin," and he moved the bettle and a glass towards the capitalist. Now Slinkham hated liquor. He couldn't

"carry" any of it: it made him sick and muddled his brain, and he said he didn't care to drink just then. The red face of the Boss grew purple, "Perhaps I ain't good enough for yer to drink with," said he, with a fierce look. With a genial smile the little man poured

out two heavy drinks. "Give me your hand," said he, "you know better than The brute was appeased and said, "Here's luck." The two men tossed of their whisky and the unhappy Slinkham, with a nausea inside of him which he could only by desperate resolution control, and with as good a counterfeit of cheerful joy on his features as he could forge, came right down to business.

"Well." he said, "you know what's up. I want the Demopublican nomination for Mayor, and I want to be elected next November. A canvass and election costs money. What will this cost me?" The Boss seemed to meditate, like one do-

ing a sum in mental arithmedie. At last he said in a tone of decision:

"Twenty thousand dollars."
Poor Slinkham turned pale. "Whew!" he said at last, "that's pretty steep." "It's the figger, though," said the Boss in a peremptory tone. "You kin take it or leave it. Whoever gits that nomination pungles that amount. And arter all it's only a loan. I'll show yer how to git it all back and plenty more on top on't afore yer two years is up.

"Ob, well," said the candidate, "that, indeed"-. And the two honest gentlemenas, indeed, they were equally honest and gentlemanly-proceeded to examine details of expenditure, which summed up to about

"Why," said Slinkham at last, "I can't se over \$10,000 to be laid out. What's to be done with the other ten thousand?" The Boss looked at Slinkham with a solemn and steady gaze for about ten-seconds. Then he said with an air of great

sincerity: "I'm not in this here business for my health, myself. Here's the hand"-and therewith he held out his big fat right hand-"that never received one dishonest

penny. But that hand"-and he stretched out his left, palm upwards, with a curious clawing motions of the tingers-"that hand is a terrible rascal." "Oh," said Mr. Slinkham, "that's the least

figure, then, is it?" "Faith it is," returned the other. "Is it "It's a go," said Slinkham, and the allies shook hands on it.

What agreement do we sign?" continued the candidate. Which ever of us two signs the agreement to do this business, the other can railroad him into State prison," was the sententions reply. "We're a figgerin' onto a felony 'cordin to law. This here busi-

ness is as between man and man. And nobody never knowed me to go back on my word or my friend." "All right," said Slinkham, but he looked very miserable, and he could not help say-

This city, if it's milked right, is good for a great deal more than that."

Well, when do you want the money?" "Half to-morrow; half Aug. 1." "Well, then, I'll draw you a check." "Check, nothin'," exclaimed the Boss, "Why, you - fool, I didn't know you was so green. S'pose l'm gom' to let my name be seen on the back of a check, or my face in the bank with your check in my fist? Not much. Nixey. Coin goes-nothing else. Have the coin here to-morrow even-

It was agreed, and the partner's separated, Slinkham with difficulty managing to escape another drink of whisky, which certainly would have turned him inside

This is the way that the people are supposed to rule in Great Bay City.

Time passed on. The Boss and Slinkham together or separately-but chiefly the Boss -carried forward the work of the campaign. The second payment was made as agreed, upon which occasion Mr. Slinkham, as he handed over the gold, asked with profound feeling:

"Is it all right? Will the thing work?" And the Boss, with an encouraging grin, answered:

"K'rect. The old thing will work. All

More time passed on. And there came a day when the "primary meetings" had been held and the delegates chosen to the municipal nominating convention; when the newspapers and the voters were speculating as to who would be on the municipal tickets. They didn't know how their tickets had been selected beforehand, and their votes all laid out for them by the obliging and industrious bosses on the two sides. And on this day, lastly, Adam Granger came as usual to his desk as a student in the law office of Eagerson & Driver, attorneys and counselors at law. Young Granger had been well recommended, studied hard. made rapid progress, had aiready, though not yet two years in the office, more than once made useful business suggestions, and was visibly rising towards a position more ike a contidential clerk's, or even a part-

ner's, than a student's. On the day in question, as he sat at his desk in the outer office looking out authorities on points in a brief, and as it drew toward noon, the door of the senior partner's room opened, and Mr. Eagerson himself, a strong, florid man of fifty, marshaled toward the outer door, three solid-looking gentlemen, whom Granger recognized as personal, and business, and political allies of the firm and of Mr. Eagerson, and who had a little before gone in to see him. As he laid his hand on the knob of the outer door, Mr. Eagerson remarked, in the manner of one who recapitulates: "I am wholly in sympathy with the views of yourseif and committee, General Swords, and if there were even a fighting chance I would accept. But I have sure information that the pegs have all been set to give Uriah Slinkham the regular nomination. You can't ask me,

am sure, to stand up only to be knocked down. Show me that my nomination would do any good and I will take it. As things look now, I must positively decline."
"Well, Eagerson," replied General Swords
in a deep, strong voice, "I don't know that I can blame you, but we are very sorry all the same. You would give the city a clean government; Slinkham will make a monstrous dirty one.' So the visitors departed and the lawyer returned into his den. As his door closed,

Adam Granger shut his book, meditated a few moments and then rose up, like one who promptly resolves and promptly acts; knocked at Mr. Eagerson's door, and receiving the usual response, entered and asked leave to interrupt for a few moments. "Certainly, Granger," said the lawyer. "You are a silent sort of person, you knowyou say so little, and so much to the purpose, that we are always glad to hear from

Adam Granger bowed and smiled at the compliment, and yet with such a look that the lawyer gazed at him with curiosity. "What makes you look so fierce and so white, young man?" he asked,

"I did not mean to listen," was the reply. "but I couldn't help hearing you say that Mr. Uriah Slinkham was to be candidate for Mayor."

'Yes-why?" "Well, I want to ask you about a matter that concerns him and me. When I tell you, you will understand why I turned white-or mazarine blue, or any other

"Very well-go on., So the young man stated his case. The details are not needed here; it was a narra-

tive of operations by which Granger's mother, a widow, had lost a great deal of money, while Mr. Uriah Slinkham, acting as executor and trustee, had become rich. Mrs. Granger, a sweet-tempered woman who abhorred strife, had uniformly discouraged her son from taking any steps to investigate the business or to redeem the wrong, if any wrong there was; but, as the young man observed in concluding his statement, he had never thought of it without going into a quiet fury. "And now." said he, "your naming the old rascal as se Mayor stung me so that couldn't help speaking. And, Mr. Eagerson, is there any chance to force anything out of his claws?"

The lawyer thought a few minutes and asked a few questions about the will of the late Mr. Granger, and about some dates. Then he said: "Well, Granger, I wouldn't aign a written opinion on the case without more search; but this is how it looks to me now: Upon your statement you have a case that it would be worth while to try. But I think the probate judge was dealt with so that he agreed with whatever Slinkham said. And Slinkham does hold on to money with a frightful grip. And he is rich. Suppose you should go into court; he could have a jury, and that jury he would buy, and perhaps the judge too. So my advice now is, don't bring suit."

The young man sat for a moment in silence. Then he said: "So there is no justice for a poor man. And this person is to be rich with stolen money, and to be a respectable business man, and a church dignitary; and is to become the first citizen of Great Bay City, is he?"

"It looks so," said the lawyer gravely. Granger's brow contracted, and he looked with an intense gaze into Mr. Eagerson's eyes; and then with a grim sort of a smile he nodded, and without saying a word, he

"Now Granger," said the other. "don't hurry into any unwise action which might seriously injure you without doing anybody any good or this man any harm. We all have to endure injustice in this world. It isn't often that we see a rich rascal get his come-uption-as we used to say in the East-either. I should often like to see itbut I am hardened to witnessing the suc-

"You are very kind," answered Granger, "and I will show my sense of this and your other favors to me when I can. I don't greatly believe in talk, although I mean to be a lawyer. We'll see"-but he shut his lips tightly together, and turned to go. "Come, Granger," said the lawyer, kindly, "you've got something in your mind

"Well, Mr. Eagerson," said the young man, "a purpose is an egg, and silence is the shell. Break the shell before the egg hatches, and it addles, and you get no

"There's truth in that," said the lawyer, with a smile; "where did you find that parable?" "Oh, in some book-but it suited me, and I remembered it. And I don't think I'll do any harm. I will let Master Slinkham alone in his success-if I have to," he added in an undertone, as he returned to his work.

CHAPTER II-DOWN.

In a well-organized city bossarchy, the nominating convention is postponed until a short time before the election; for the voting is all arranged beforehand, and it is important not to allow time for any opposition to organize. The real campaign is only the perfecting and oiling up of the regular machine, and this goes on without

any regard to conventions.

stances connected with the nomination for Mayor on that occasion were commemorated next morning in the Daily Shout, which, as is well known, is an "independent.' Republicattic sheet. The issue in question told the story under a "scare head," whose display lines stood as follows:

HORROR! TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION-POLITICAL DYNAMITE SLINKHAM BLOWN TO ETERNAL SMASH.

AWFUL REVELATIONS OF SLINKHAMITY. Eagerson the People's Choice, with an Everlasting Roar of Enthusiasm.

(And so forth.)

The narrative heralded by these attractive announcements we condense as follows The nominations for supervisors and judges were made in the forenoon, and the convention unsuspiciously adjourned for dinner. The nomination for Mayor was to come first in the afternoon session; but in the intermission a monstrous dynamite bomb, so to speak, was loaded and planted in the convention, with a short lighted fuse. In plain prose, a circular was laid in the place of each delegate, whose extraordinary contents we need not describe, as

we give them in full: To Every Member of the Convention: Take no-tice; that if Uriah Slinkham dares to be a candi-date for Mayor, he will be exposed in full before the public as a thief and swindler, a robber of the widow and orphan and a base traitor to his friend and benefactor. If he says he doesn't know what this means, say Granger to him.
The papers are served on him in the suit of
Granger vs. Slinkham this very afternoon. And
he knows who writes this.

This deadly statement smote Slinkham under the fifth rib. The buzz, the whispers, the laughter, the dismay, the hasty council of Boss Bagley and some of his henchmen in one corner, formed a picture, as the convention reassembled, that no spectator will forget very soon. And a climax of interest came very quickly when General Swords, who, as everybody knows.

18 a member of the city committee, rose suddenly, on the platform, and roared out in that tremendous brigade-review voice of

"Fellow-citizens"-and at the General's shout the room grew still as death—"Fellow-citizens! Without waiting for this meeting to come to order, I now show you the way out of this muss, and how to sweep the city next month as the fire sweeps the prairie: John Eagerson for Mayor!"

There was a pause for a moment or two. Observers of political matters will understand how this sudden, and furious and damaging attack on the "slate" candidate rightened the delegates out of their and, also, how the prompt action of a leading citizen in thus naming a well-known, and popular, and able and honorable lawyer, instantly crystallized men's minds, and ed them, in a heap in the new direction. Hardly time was given to understand Ea-gerson's name when there arose such a roar of welcome as we believe never greeted a name before. It seemed as if the hurrahs would never stop. Boss Bagley looked as if a cannon ball had hit him in the stomach. He whispered to one of his lieuten-ants, Jake Jobbles. Jake jumped up and

"This is all out of order. I call for the convention to come to order, and take up the regular business of nominations." But Jake might as well have tried to row skift up Niagara. Brazen-throated General Swords thundered out again, as he shook his fist at the Boss and his gang over in the corner: "You put up Slinkham and you are kicked higher than Gilderoy flew his kite. John Eagerson for Mayor. Mr. Chairman. call the convention to order." The chairman, a conservative respectability, frightened half out of his wits at

the uproar, did as he was bid. The meeting came to order instantly. Then rose Jake Jobbles again and yelled "Mr. Eagerson will not accept the nom-ination. I nominate." Here General Swords shouted again: "You lie. I pledge my word and honor that he accepts. Mr. Chairman, are nom-

inations for Mayor in order?" The chairman bowed. Jake Joules bawled: But the dodge "Move we adjourn!" wouldn't work. There was such a roar of 'No." that the chairman could not be heard as he put the question. And once again General Sword shouted:

"Mr. Chairman, I move that John Eagerson be named our candidate for Mayor by Fifty men jumped up to second the mo-

tion. The frightened chairman put it, and there was a tremendous shout of "Aye!" "Contrary minds," said the chairman. "No, d-n it," said the unterrified Jake Jobbies, all alone; and, amid a storm of laughter, the chairman said: "The motion is carried. And in an editorial article the Daily

Shout observed: "The other nominations are well enough, but with John Eagerson's name at its head the ticket is safe, and we have the city. And we shall have a clean government, too.
One such fearless, powerful, resolute man
as John Eagerson could reform—we had
almost said—Sodom and Gomorrah. But he will have the help of every good citizen; and he can clean house in the City Hall for once, in spite of the machine."

But it was next morning that the Daily Shout printed all this long story. The nomination was made about 2 o'clock P. M. of the preceding, or convention day. And it was about 3 when Mr. Eagerson came harriedly into the office, and, walking straight to Adam Granger's desk, laid before the young man a copy of the Daily Shout extra, folded so as to show under "Very Latest, 2:30 P. M.," not the whole narrative above condensed, but a few lines giving the main points, and headed, "Eagerson for Mayor. Nominated by Acclama-tion. Slinkam Knocked Out." Granger looked up with a smile.

"Granger. you did that," said Mr. Eager-"It was General Swords's fault," said the "Have you been in consultation with

"Why yes." was the reply. Just then there was a knock at the door. and the same three men entered who had come before on the business of candidacy; General Swords and two others. "Ab Swords, you rascal," said Mr. Eagerson, "what conspiracy have you been hatch-

"This egg didn't addle at any rate," interrupted Granger. "It was that young fellow," said the General, pointing to Granger. "He came to me with a scheme, and I only amended it. But we are a committee from the convention. my good friend, to hold you to the promise you made us the other day, to accept the nomination if there is a fighting chance.

There is that and more; there is a moral certainty. After some conversation, Mr. Eagerson consented. When he asked about the mendment to young Granger's scheme, Swords explained (the statement embodies a valuable practical lesson to politicians) that Granger had proposed to use his exposure of Mr. Slinkham after the nomination, when he had become the regular can-

didate. "But I told him I had been through more political fights than he, and that he must hit his man before he is nominated, so as to scare the convention out of nominating him. After he is once put up, the worse the stories told about him the harder he will be defended. And that is the way we came to take this line.

"But," said Mr. Eagerson in conclusion, 'you know I haven't much money. Campaign expenses must be met." "Oh." said Swords, with a laugh, "Slinkham has paid for your campaign. The Boss got \$20,000 from him, they say, and we know he has been using money freely in working up the Republicratic club organization. And he can't go back on the party now, for his own sake. I think Bagley wil refund? No more than Slinkham would.

Expenses will be unusually light." There was an awfully solemn interview in the evening of the day of nominations. between the slaughtered candidate and the defeated Boss. Slinkham's rage was as hot as he dared make it. "Now then, Bagley." said he, as they met in a committee-room of the convention hall, 'what's the meaning of this?"

"It means that you're a dead cock in the pit," was the cool and pithy explanation of the Boss. "Yes; and you promised me a safe thing." "So I did. But I didn't know about this Granger business. No machine on earth could carry such a load as that. It was an earthquake, sure enough. Why didn't you

tell me about it?" "It's a d-d piece of treachery," said the infuriated little man. "Yes, it is," said the Boss, doubling up his

place| together, and we've you to thank for "You return me my money," said Slink-

"You git it ef you can." "I'll sue you as soon as I can have the papers made out. "Sue, you d-d fool. You might show yourself up-you can't never get one cent out of me. There ain't no witnesses-only your oath and mine. That won't win in the law, and I kin swear ten times barder than you. You kin convict yourself of

bribery of the jury believes you, and what damages would they give you on that showing! Besides, s posin' you had a case, what jury kin you git to agree on a verdict agin me in this here city—or what court to decide agin me either?" concluded the Boss with a brutal laugh.
Without a word, the miserable Slinkham arose and departed. He never brought suit

for his \$20,000. Mayor Eagerson's administration has made its own splendid record for energy and honesty. His clerk, Adam Granger, Esq., now a member of the bar, was his most efficient assistant in city affairs. The suit of Granger vs. Slinkham never came to trial; for the old vulture, afraid to fight against so dangerous an assa.lant, notwithstanding his cunning avarice, settled by paying a heavy sum in compromise.

Thus Slinkham got his come-uption. His greed for money disappointed his greed for office, and then his greed for office made him lose a large sum of money. If he had not swindled the Grangers he would certainly have been Mayor; as it was he lost both the office and its price. And if the voters of Great Bay City are as particular as usual, Slinkham won't dare be a candidate again for at least two years.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. A Peachy Complexion.

New York Weekly. Mr. De Bullion-What a peachy complexion Miss Prettie has. Miss Beautie (a rival belle)—Yes, isn't it awfulf Just full of fuzz.

Limitation of a Theory. New York Bun. Ethel-After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George? George-Theoretically, though I doubt if they will make out the board bill that way.

Her Successor Will Be a Beauty. "I have one request to make," said the pretty type-writer, when she had accepted

"Name it, my love." "Let me select my successor at the desk." An Insuperable Objection. "I'm sorry," said a magazine editor to a

well-known writer, "that I can't print your "What's the trouble?" "Why," added the terrified editor, "it has

Cold Comfort. Texas Siftings. Excited Husband-Last month I paid a millinery bill of \$100 and now this month here is another for \$95.

Frivolous Wife-Well, you ought to be happy. Don't you see by the figures that I am learning to economize.

Their Respective Values. The Epoch. Mrs. Meddergrass-Young Sassafras has run off with our daughter Jerusha. Meddergrass-O he can have her. "And he took the sorrel mare." "What's that? Get me my gun! I'll go

after the scoundrel right away!"

Ready to Imbibe. New York Herald. De Tank-I have been laboring with Bumso to get him to drink with modera-

Blossom-What did he say? De Tank-He was delighted and wanted to know where he could meet him. No Reduction.

The Epoch. "You are fined \$10," said the judge to Jaysmith, arrested for drunkenness. "Why, Judge," protested Jaysmith. "you only fined me \$5 last time. I understood the necessaries of life were going to be cheaper under the McKinley tariff.'

Different Methods. Cloak Review. First Little Boy--My ma got a new dress vesterday, and she threw her arms around my pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress? Second Little Boy-She says she'll for-

give him, but he mustn't stay out late Another Variation of an Old Joke. New York Press. "I own a thousand acres of land," said

the heiress." "How delightful!" "And there are twenty young men after

"For the land's sake!"

That Was It. Larkin (meeting Gilroy driving at a summer resort)-Is that a good horse

Gilroy-It's a 1:50 animal. "You don't mean it can run a mile in one minute and tifty seconds.' "No: I mean that I pay \$1.50 an hour for the use of it.'

Twenty-Four Hours Behind Time.

Cloak Review. "Now, Willie," said Clara, "run out and play; there's a good little boy. I expect Mr. Brindle shortly, and I want to try the effect of my new gown on him.' "You're too late, sis," replied Willie with s triumphant gleam in his eye. "Brindle called yesterday while you were out, and I brought out the whole rig and showed it

He Had Change. Good News. Tramp-Have you change for half a dol-

Gentleman-Yes. Where is the half dol-Tramp-I haven't any, but I thort if you had change for a half dollor, you wight have a dime er tow fer a poor man wot's seen betterdays. All the gents I have asked fer help said they hadn't any change.

A Strategic Mother. Texas Siftings. Mrs. Yerger-Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam?

Tommy-Yes, ma "I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry.' "You don't need any key, ma. I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside. "That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait until your father comes home."

Her Look of Admiration. New York Weekly. Big Brother-I should like to know what you've been flirting with that fool Saphead -Fuller.

Pretty Sister (indignantly)-I haven't. "Yes, you have. He told a friend you stood before him for ten minutes, as if entranced, and you looked straight into his eyes, as if you would read his very soul, and he said, if ever ardent admiration shone in a human face, it did in yours."
"Huh! The fool! I was looking at my own reflection in his eye-glasses."

The Weather Assured.

"I am so anxious for it to be fine to-mor-row," said Mrs. Tomdik to Captain Eastlake, who is something of a weather prophet. "You don't think it will rain, do you, Captain?" "Well, Ma'am," replied the gallant Captain, after a comprehensive sweep of the horizon, "the only thing that can mar perfect weather for to-morrow is an adverse meteorological condition. "O. thanks," replied the grateful woman, much relieved. "Then it is certain to be fine, isn't it?"

Advantages of the Revised Version.

The Christian at Work replies to us in the matter of the Revised Version, with a question whether it really is better than the old one. It admits that it is "more liberal," "but for simple, idiomatic English we think the Old Version, with all its infelicities, and they are many, will bear the palm." The Revised Version is, on the whole, in good idiomatic English; but that happy Slinkham. "It is treachery. But ef rectuess. We want the Word of God as READING FOR SUNDAY.

In the Morning. We shall have the flowers again In the shin ng after rain, Past the sorrow and the pain, in the morning.

We shall greet our friends once more, All the dear ones gone before. They will meet us on the shore, In the morning.

We shall know as we are known In the sunlight of the throne, And all heaven will be our own, In the morning.

We shall leave the sin and wrong, We shall join the white-robed throng. We shall sing the triumph song, In the morning.

Him whose love can ne'er be told; We shall walk the streets of gold, In the morning. So we watch and wait and pray Till the shadows flee away. Till we see the break of day, In the morning.

Face to face shall we behold

-Henry Burton. International Sunday-School Lesson for Oct. 4, 1891. CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS. (John ii, 21-44.) Golden Text .- Jesus said unto her, I am the

resurrection and the life. (John ii, 25.) HOME READINGS. M .- Christ raising Lazarus John ii, 21-32. Tu.—Christ raising Lazarus.....John ii, 33-44. W.—The sickness.....John ii, 1-10. Th.—Death of Lazares.......John ii, 11-20. F.—"My Redeemer liveth.".....Job xix, 23-27.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. The Independent.

The reason for telling this story is found in verse 43-"That they may believe that thou didst send me." John says it was his object in writing this Gospel to produce

This is the most remarkable miracle performed by Jesus. It differed from his raising the widow's son of Nain, and the damsel, in that they had just died, and it seemed easier to raise one whose body was yet perfect. But in this case there had been time for decomposition to set in.

There are no hard miracles with God; all Miracles are performed only in cases with long close lower parts and mutton-leg uppers, will show a combination of the two fabrics, the braiding nearly covthe stone away by miracle, nor loose the graveclothes. What man could do man

must do; for we are fellow-laborers with God. Only He does the larger part. Jesus has power of physical resurrection. He could himself rise from the dead, and raise Lazarus from the dead. But this is far less important than His raising men to spiritual life. He is the resurrection and the life from sin.

What is spiritual resurrection? It is ceasing to love the wrong and loving the right. It is being a partaker of the holiness and love of God. But Jesus's miracle is, like His resurrection, especially important, because it assures us of the immortality of the soul, which is a good part of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. If Christ died and then lived afterward, if Lazarus died and then lived afterward, then there is life after death; something about us survives death; the soul is unmortal. So we are told that Christ came to bring life and immortality to light in the Gospel; that is, to

prove that it is not true that death ends all, for it only begins all that is best. We have heaven if Christ rose. We are very apt, like Martha, to say "if" this or "if" that. It is true that if such troubles had not come we would have escaped much pain. But, then, what we should have lost! If Jesus had been there Lazarus might not have died; but then he would not have been raised from the dead. Martha got comfort when her brother

died, out of the thought of the resurrection. So should we. Jesus wept. He was troubled, grieved so much so as to weep. People then did not at all try to restrain their feelings. We may feel as badly as Mary without weeping; but the example of Jesus shows us that it is not wrong; it is only human to feel deep grief and to utter it. Jesus will not blame us for our deepest sorrow when

Jesus is our beloved and sympathetic Savior, for he could feel all our sorrows. So we can go boldly to him, because he can be touched with a feeling for us. The reason why Jesus delayed coming was that the people might see the glory of God. So now he made no secret of it. He spoke with a loud voice. He had all the company there. It was public and dramatic. It proved what he was, and it made the Jews angry, so that they were ready to

crucify him. It was what made his death Of General Interest.

It is proposed to hold an International Baptist council in Chicago at the time of the world's fair. A Greek church has been opened in Chicago, where it is said there are two thou-

sand adherents to the Greek faith. The general missionary committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O., Wednesday, Nov. 11. Among the bequests made in the will of the late Joseph Rosenberg are \$10,000 to the Jewish Hospital of New York, \$10,000 to the

Jewish Orphan Asylum in New York city and \$10,000 to the Jewish Orphan Asylum at Cleveland, O. The bulk of the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth ship Soala while en route to Europe in June, and which is valued at \$200,000, goes by her will to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church

in the United States, for its sole use for-Bishop William Percy Austin, of Guiana, who is also primate of the West Indies, recently celebrated the jubilee of his con secration at Westminster Abbey. The Bishop is now in his ninetieth year, and is described as still hale and hearty, notwith-

standing his long experience in the intense heat of a tropical climate. The late census credits Ireland with a population of 4,706,162, a decrease of 468,674, or 9.1 per cent, in ten years. The religious distribution of the population is the following: Roman Catholics, 3,549,745, or 75.4 per cent.: Episcopalians, 600,830, or 12.8 per Presbyterians, 446,687, or 9.5 per cent.; Methodists, 55,235, or 1.2 per cent. The number of Jews is 1,798. The increase of this people has been 281 per cent. in Ireland in the last decade. That the Jews should grow so marvelously where all others retrograde and poverty constantly increases, may point a moral and tell a tale.

Thoughts for the Day. The powers of the soul grow in proportion to their use .- Ozanam If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.-Antoninus. All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life. but not the sweets and true use of it.

Has it never occurred to us when surrounded by sorrows that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the eyes of birds when we wish to teach them to sing!-Richter.

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year, Child of the Master, faithful and dear-Choose not the cross for the coming week; For that is more than He bids thee seek. Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load; Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God. "Daily," only, He saith to thee.
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

Thrice happy he whose downy age had been Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin, And, early seasoned with the taste of truth, Remembers his Creator in his youth.

BITS OF FASHION.

-Francis Quaries.

Sleeves are buttoned up the inside or the outside of the arm from the elbow to the Invoices of large plaids are daily appear-

ing among the new dress goods, most of which are made up with a skirt of the plaid and a bodice of fine unpatterned cloth. What is called a glove or gauntlet sleeve is a newly introduced change, which is wrinkled all the way up the arm like a monsquetaire glove, these wrinkles ceasing only under the arm-hole. Silk velvet is the preferred fabric for all

the new pretty fancy jackets and theater ing with a sigh. "It's a good deal of money." He overlooked the question of crime.
"Bosh!" said the other. "'taint nothin' for you; and, besides, you'll get it all back.

Accordingly, the Demopublican municigood deal of monpal nominating convention in Great Bay for you; and, besides, you'll get it all back.

Accordingly, the Demopublican municigood deal of monpal nominating convention in Great Bay coming models and the step of the good sense when read to the summer. The country during the past summer. The country during the past summer. The question whether a college education pays would seem to find here an answer that it will make place until the second trimmed cloth of the country during the past summer. The question whether a college education pays should not have attended to that gentlecoming models in the second trimmed cloth of the country during the past summer. The country during the past summer. The question whether a college education pays would seem to find here an answer that it will make place until the second trimmed cloth to the past summer. The country during the country

lace, and the vests are glove-fitting or blouse-shaped, with a girdle as a finish, as best suits the figure of the wearer. The sleeves show a mixture of lace with the jacket material. Rain fringes are used with good effect over the hips, below the girdle, etc.; also jet gold and bronze nail-heads,

The yoked capes will continue to be worn, and in their latest examples show the yoke of increased depth, the collar as often of velvet as of the jetted or plain or metallized passementerie used below it. Velvet belts are composed of two or three folds of the material. These, in order to fit the figure, must be shaped in corselet fashion to the waist. Sometimes they are wide and pointed at the front, when they

sweep away to nothing at the back. If the skirts are unbecoming let us be grateful for the waists which covers multitude of angles as well as much avoirdupois; for the flouncing and plaitings added to the basques do apparently, strange as it may seem, diminish the size of a large form as

well as improve the too slight figure. Among other fancies for adding to the coquettishness of the bodice is to be found just at the back of the collar a flower-like rosette. The drooping ends are crossed at the back and then brought forward until they reach the center of the bust, when they are looped and allowed to fall to the hem of the frock.

A black velvet is cut in the new gored fashion, or rather in the revived style of old days, which gives so much width at the foot and is so narrow at the waist. There could be nothing more graceful for a long gown. The front of the skirt is covered with black lace, the depth reaching from the waist to the hem, and the bodice is liberally trimmed with lace.

A black tea-gown is draped with black net, worked in gold circles in horizontal lines, and lined with blue; the sleeves are transparent, with a fulling of lace on the shoulders, and a most elegant lace Watteau comes from between the shoulders and flows on to the train, starting from beneath a large bow of black ribbon velvet and long streamers. This has a high collar, edged

with feather trimming. White and sea gray, chamois and russet almond and Venetian brown, and blue and silver cloths are much used together for new tailor gowns, for instance: with the bodice and part of the skirt of gray or light "tiger cloth," what represents the underskirt beneath the slashed princesse dress will be of silver-white cloth, with silk braiding of the color. The vest, with its decorations, will match this skirt, and the

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

ering the tight portion of the sleeves

Impatient! Some day, when summer's overpast, And loosed by frost, in gold and brown, These greenly clinging leaves drift down, When shrill winds hush

The robin red-breast and the thrush, When all the skies are overcast With wracks of rain, so chill and gray, Not any burgeoning may be-Some day, Across far fereign lands and vast

So homeward, homeward, journeying fast,

Unbounded spaces of the sea,

At last She will come back to me! I reckon up, in daily sum, The time until that scarlet date; I think the fall will never come, So wearily I wait!

The hours seem leaguing to belate The days, that never crept so slow; -And yet, I used to love the summer so! But now my heart may only fret And pray for it to go.

And yearning so, with lashes wet, I half forget The greenery on every bough, How red the poppies are, and how Among the tufted mignonette The scented south-winds gently blow; I heed them not, -I only know

Time never seemed so long as now! I search the azure skies in vain, No hint of autumn rain! No hint of fall from blue-birds nor Green fields of growing grain! Then idly reckoning, as before, I strive anew to make less far That glad date on the calendar, To number less the days that are, The changes fixed for sun and star,

The moons that yet must wax and wane; Thus evermore With fresh impatience, o'er and o'er I count the hours; -yet still am fain To tell them over once again.

O hasten, hasten, autumn days! Sere swift this dewy summer green! I am grown weary with delays; Speed! Speed! Bring bitter winds and chill, nor heed The mellow sweets between! What if the dead leaves strew the ways, And southward all the songs take wing Despite all cheerless frosts that be,

My eager heart awaits the spring, So knowing she will surely bring The birds and May to me. My Star. Only to hear that you love me,

Only to feel it is true; Stars and the gloaming above me, I in the gloaming with you. Staining through violet fire A twilight of poppy and gold; Red as a heart with desire, Rich with a secret untold.

Deep where the shadow is doubled. Deep where the blossoms are long-Listen!—deep love in the bubbled Breath of a mocking-bird's song.

Stars and the heavens the nearer By but one maiden-my Star! -Madison Cawein, The Crisis. The very air is hushed about this bed. The hour has come and passed when hope stood

Dearer, to know you are dearer,

Drawing the skies from afar;

And strove with fear; now prayer were mock-Last kisses snatched from Fate, last love words Vain tears upon this woman's forehead shed Are over now. There comes no least low sigh To break the stillness where she waits to die, And he longs helplessly that he were dead.

Ah, passion of the past that made them one! Can they be parted and he face the sun! Has cruel death no marriage bond to give To soothe this last extremity of woel Nay, she fares forth to realms we do not know-Shall he who waits die too, or must he live! -Louise Chandler Moulton.

A Minor Chord. I heard a strain of music in the street. A wandering waif of sound; and then straight-A nameless desolation filled the day. The great green earth, that had been fair and

Above me stretched the silent suffering sky. Dumb with vast anguish for departed suns. That brutal time to nothingness had hurled. The daylight was as sad as smiles that lie Upon the wistful unkissed mouths of nuns, And I stood prisoned in an awful world. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in October Lippincott

The Forgotten Love.

Seemed but a tomb; the life I thought replete With joy grew lonely for a vanished May;

Forgotten sorrows resurrected lay

Like ghastly skeletons about my feet.

She said, "Tis best that we forget;
"Tis best that life should part us two."
She said. "Tis best!" Her eyes were wet. She said, "I will not think of you." He said: "Tis easy to forget: The years go fast. I fear not fate.
You will be glad," he said; and yet
They impered, though the hour was late.

The years go fast, and day by day And night by ellent night these two Still to their separate hearts must say That they forget-nor find it true. -Harper's Weekly.

Room for Them.

Philadelphia Inquirer. Seventeen graduates of Johns Hopkins University have been elected to professorships or as assistant professors or instructors at different colleges throughout the country during the past summer. The



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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A paper-mill in New Jersey has turned out a sheet of paper six feet wide and 84

miles long. The first land office erected in Kansas is still standing at Kickapoo, between Atchison and Leavenworth.

Among Ontonagon's (Mich.) two thousand

inhabitants there is not a family named Smith, Brown or Jones. The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over 11,000,000,000 pounds, worth in first hands over \$135,000,000.

Francis Darwin, a son of the great evo-lutionist, is making for himself a record that promises to add luster to the family name. There are said to be over 26,000 Indians in the United States who can read English,

and over 10,000 who can read Indian lan-The gauge of the Roman chariots two thousand years ago was four feet eight and a half inches-same as standard railroad gauge of to-day.

To make white roses blue, water the trees throughout the winter with a solution of Prussian blue, and if you want them to be green use sulphate of copper. More men have died and are buried on the 1sthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal

It is said that during the attempt to cut

a canal through the Isthmus of Panama

amount of territory in the world.

200,000 ounces of quinine were used an-nually in combating malarial fever. Poker playing on the suburban trains entering and leaving Chicago has reached such proportions that the attention of the authorities has been directed to the sub-

The gigantic skeleton of a man who meas-

ured eight feet six inches in height was recently dug up by some laborers near the Jordan river, just outside of Salt Lake Caterpillars from ten to twelve inches long are said to be not uncommon in Australia, while species which vary in length from six to eight inches are stated

to be numerous. Mr. Stead, whose arithmetic is as original and amusing as anything he has ever done, calculates that over eight hundred million official prayers are annually offered for the Prince of Wales. There is a valuable floating wreck loose

on the Atlantic. It has a carge of mahog-any lumber, and was abandoned March 31. Since then it has drifted ten thousand miles, and was last seen Aug. 3. There is something about the cedar logs exhumed in Cape May county, New Jersey, which are said to have been buried for more than two thousand years, that imparts a soft and melodious tone to a violin.

A Lyons anatomist has examined the

skeletons of eighty-six monkeys-chimpan-

zees, gorillas and orang-ontangs-and has found diseases of the bone to be as frequent as in man and of a strikingly similar character. A New York hotel-keeper is exhibiting a box of twenty-five cigars which have been sent to him by a Havana maker as a sample of what the Prince of Wales smokes. They

are seven inches long and cost \$1,800 a

A church in lower Austria has just received a legacy of 800 florins. It was bequeathed by a merchant of Viennato atone for his having broken a window during a lesson in catechism, when a boy eleven It costs something to live and a good deal to die; in fact, everything costs. Some one

estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States \$250,000,000 annually. getting married \$300,000,000 and getting A rare reptile, a white rattlesnake, was exhibited, the other day, at a fair in Georgia, together with a photograph of its eye, in which can be distinctly seen, it is said,

the likeness of a farmer who narrowly es-

caped death from the reptile. Tea is said not to have an ill effect upon the nerves if it is taken weak and cold. To prepare your cup of tea so that it will meet with the doctor's approbation, pour it into your saucer and add a little cool water. The very thought makes you shiver, but it is a good thing to do, just the same. They are telling of a family of one hun-

dred persons who lived up in a little vil-

lage in Ontario a few years ago. Eighty-six of these now reside in the United States, twelve are dead and two still live in their native village. And yet Canada is aston-ished at her dwindling census returns. A clergyman in New South Wales com-plains that out of 117 marriages which he has celebrated within the last year twenty-nine called him out of bed between 11 at night and 6 in the morning. He never knows when he is to have a peaceful night,

and all on account of a freak of fashion in

Miss Mary White, of Munith, Mich., has

completed the ninety-fourth day of her

his parish.

prolonged nap. It has been discovered that she can be roused by passing the fingers along the spine until some certain sensitive center, which is never twice in the same place, is reached. Her physician kept her awake four hours Saturday. There is a present disposition toward what is called "common law marriage." If the maiden moved to matrimony will take a hasty giance at Blackstone's Commenta-

ries she will discover that under the com-mon law the husband had a right to whip his wife, provided the stick used in flageltation was "not larger than his little fin-It is said that there is nothing which will squelch an oil-fed fire, in its incipiency, more quickly and effectually than sand: and there are no after-claps in the way of water damage, either. Hence it is recommended that a gallon pail filled with fine sand be always placed within convenient reach of each workman employed wherever

or oil-soaked materials. Pared Vanderbilt's Finger-Nails,

there is a possibility of fire starting in cils,

Brooklyn Standard-Union. A Brooklyn woman who was a manicure before her marriage, in relating some of her professional experiences, tells the fol-lowing story: "I studied in Paris, and when I returned to this country Mme. on Twenty-third street. New York, gave me employment. This was twelve years ago, when Mme. - was queen of the manicures. My very first patient was a tall, rather stout built man with wide, dilating nostrils and sandy-brown sidewhiskers. His face looked familiar; still, could not locate him. While I carved and polished his nails he kept talking, and his talk was very pleasant. After I had inished he asked me if I would accept a fee for myself. Without looking at the roll of bills in his hand I awkwardly refused to accept any money from him. Just then Mme. — appeared and from the obsequi-ous bow she made I conjectured that he was some important personage. As he walked out of the door Madame excitedly